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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho—Fair.

STANDING PAT.

Any bull-headed fool can stand pat on some plan or platform that suits him entirely; it takes a man and a philosopher to adhere to that which is right, simply because it is right. The President is a fine type of the real stand-patter for principle; his honest steadfastness in turning down the nomination that might be his next year, is a case in point, and demonstrates the real meaning of the term. If he never figures in the political engagements of the country again, his example as an audacious and religious champion of things that are right and good, will keep him forever in the eye and heart of the nation. Mr. Roosevelt has builded a broad and stalwart platform for his party to stand upon in its newer contests, and all it has to do is to stand pat for the scale and standard of popular legislation he has compelled. He was the first to recognize the growing unrest of the commonalty against the overweening sweep of legislation in favor of the corporate interests; and the departure he has wrought must be followed up until every vestige of "entrenched power" has been qualified by minimizing legislation that shall restore to the people at large, the rights and privileges that have been taken from them, or denied them. It is in the air, this eager demand of the people for more wholesome and popular laws, in which they shall figure; there need be no mistake about it; the start has been made by the republican party in the last session of Congress. Nothing on earth can defeat it, if it will but stand pat on such policies and their enactment into law. Anything less means its total and lasting defeat!

SETTLE IT TODAY!

The regatta committee needs \$1500 more upon its subscription lists in order to enter upon the big task of producing a genuine, old-time regatta. It must have this money today. The people of this city must open up their hearts and purse-strings within the next 12 hours, or renounce the festival. The committee is made up of business men who cannot afford to run back and forth after individual subscriptions and do the errand-boy act for days to come; there must be a generous and a prompt recognition of the proposition at once, or they must relinquish the matter. If Astoria is to have a regatta next month, the people of Astoria, by their contributions this day made, will determine. If the necessary amount is not in sight to-night, the popular amusement is all off. Don't wait for the committee to hunt you up; go after it, with your handful of dollars, and give the men in charge of the work, an idea of your purposes. "To be, or not to be, that's the question!"

The two New York balloonists, who spent the night in an airship, didn't lean up against the counter and sing "we won't go home until morning."

The girl, who follows the president's advice and keeps her eyes on the stars, will be likely to stumble, unless she has a firm hold on some young man's arm.

THE NEW DECALOGUE.

The Astorian presents its readers the following new ten commandments as especially revised to fit the mode of doing business which the large catalogue houses have with their unwary patrons. These rules as taken from a mail-order house journal, and though prepared by an imaginative writer, when carefully chewed and digested, you will find that there is 16 ounces of truth to every pound of them:

- 1. You shall sell your farm products for cash wherever you can, but not to us; we do not buy from you.
2. You shall apply to your nearest city to aid you in building good roads so you may conveniently get the goods from the depot that you buy from us, for we do not build country roads.
3. You shall buy church bells and interior church fixtures from us and forward the money in advance, for this is our business method and you shall collect from the business men in your vicinity as much money as you can for the benefit of your churches. Although we get more money from you than they do, still it is against our rules to donate money for building far-away churches.
4. You shall buy your tools from us and be your own mechanic, in order to drive the mechanics from your vicinity, for we wish it so.
5. You shall induce your neighbor to buy everything from us, as we have room for more money—the less money there is left in your community, the sooner we can put your local merchants out of business and charge you any prices we please.
6. You shall look often at the beautiful prices in our catalogues, so your wishes will increase and you will send in a big order, although you are not in immediate need of the goods, otherwise you might have some money left to buy necessary goods of your local merchants.
7. You shall have the mechanics that repair the goods you buy from us book the bill, so you can send the money for his labor to us for new goods, otherwise he will not notice our influence.
8. You shall have the mechanics that repair the goods you buy from us book the bill, so you can send the money for his labor to us for new goods, otherwise he will not notice our influence.
9. You shall, in case of accident, sickness or need, apply to your local dealers for aid and credit, as we do not know you.
10. The more men learn each is dependent to a greater or less degree upon the other the better will be the results. No man can live unto himself. Each must have the help and the good will of others. Seeking to "beat and down the other" can but result disastrously in the end, to society as a whole. Help, not hinder. It isn't enmities which help in life, it is friendships and devotion to fair play and justice that brings final good results.

AFTER THE LUMBERMEN.

The government is going after the alleged lumber trust. All right; if there is anything in this country wholly approved of, it is the running down of a trust, and its subsequent adjustment to the general requirements of fair and decent business. If the lumbermen have overreached themselves and are doing the dishonest thing by the people, and the government, jack them up with a round turn and compel recognition of law and right. They are as amenable as any of the rest of the big, protected interests, to the equities of the day, and they cannot hope to escape.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

The reform will not be complete until every grocery bill is a pure food bill.

Cuba has been free for nearly eight years, and it hasn't done her a bit of harm.

The people are anxious to be reassured, also, concerning the character of the mincemeat.

"Shun soup", says Dr. Osler. Which sentiment will be echoed by every politician who has fallen into it.

A New York specialist says bridge whist is responsible for much of the nervous prostration that is being reported.

After a while, at the present rate of progress, it will be next to impossible for anybody to make money dishonestly.

Then besides the embalmed beef, there is the tomato cats-up. You don't suppose it was born with the "bright red" color, do you?

A man who introduced an anti-kissing bill in the Virginia legislature last winter has been deserted by his wife. Serves him right.

Bowser as An Orator

Pays an Elocutionist \$5 to Give Him Pointers About Public Speaking.

PRACTICES IN THE ATTIC

Neighbors Think He Is Crazy and Call Upon the Police to Interfere.

[Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells.]

MR. BOWSER had smoked his cigar and read the paper when he arose and said to Mrs. Bowser:

"I shall be busy in the attic for the next hour and do not wish to be disturbed."

"You are not going to try and ride that old bike around again, are you?" she asked.

"If I am, what of it?"

"Why, nothing, of course, but when a man gets as heavy and logy as you are he shouldn't think of fooling around with bikes."

"Oh, I'm heavy and logy, am I? I have reached that stage where I am to be looked upon as a haystack on wheels? Thank you for your dattery, Mrs. Bowser."

"You know I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I just meant that you are not as spry as you used to be."



"HAS IT COME AT LAST, MA'AM?"

If you had tried roller skating twenty years ago you would have made a success of it, but now—

"Go ahead and say what you started out to."

Jar Shook the House.

"Well, when you tried it one evening a few weeks ago you came down with such a jar that you shook the whole house and was unconscious ten minutes."

"During which time you took advantage of my helplessness to rob me of \$2."

"I never robbed you!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Bowser.

"Perhaps it was the cat. I counted my money as soon as I came to and found a two dollar bill missing. I am not going to the attic for athletic exercise, however. I am walking to and from the office these mornings, and that is enough."

"Then why not sit here and talk?"

Mr. Bowser walked up and down for five minutes before he replied. It was evident that he wanted to trust her, but he was also afraid of her. Finally he said:

"Professor Zangwilly was in the office this afternoon, and after we had talked for awhile he wanted to know why I didn't go in and cultivate my voice for public speaking and reading. He said I had no voice for song, but that as a reader, lecturer or speaker I would make a great success. I have often been asked to read and speak in public, you know."

"And you are going up to the attic to cultivate it?"

Gave \$5 For Pointers.

"I am. For \$5 he gave me certain instructions to follow, and I am going to follow them. The first thing, as we all know, is to get proper enunciation."

"Why can't we have the Sylvesters over and play a few games of cards?" asked Mrs. Bowser as a sigh escaped her.

"Are the Sylvesters and a few games of cards of more consequence than your husband's voice?"

That silenced her, and after Mr. Bowser had waited around for a spell without receiving any answer he passed upstairs and to the garret. The cook had gone to her room, but in the course of ten minutes she came down looking pale faced and wild eyed and asked of Mrs. Bowser:

"Has it come at last, ma'am?"

"What do you mean, Susan?"

"Has Mr. Bowser gone out of his head and become dangerous?"

"Of course not."

"Then what's he doing upstairs going 'Ha, ha, ha! Whoop! Stoop! Stoop!' and a hundred other words that there's no sense to?"

"He's cultivating his voice so as to make a reader and a speaker of himself."

What Neighbors Would Think.

"I never heard the likes, but if you say it's so I must believe you. Hark

to that, will you! The neighbors will think we are all being murdered!"

Mr. Bowser's voice had improved so much in a quarter of an hour that it could be heard clear downstairs. Mrs. Bowser took a glance from a front window and saw that several people had stopped in front of the house. Then she climbed to the attic to give Mr. Bowser a word of caution. She found him with coat, vest and collar off and the sweat standing out on his forehead, and he greeted her entrance with:

"Hip, hip, hip! Hop-hip-hop-hip Ma-ry! Ma-ry! Ma-ry! Sam! Sam Sam!"

"Do you know that people are stopping in front of the house?" she asked.

"What for? Hip! Hop! Hip! Su-san! Su-san! Su-san!"

"Your shouting makes them wonder what is going on. Can't you lower your voice a little?"

"Not by the fourteen horns of the seven sacred bulls of India!" he shouted. "I am in my own house. I am cultivating my own voice. If the general public doesn't like it they can lump it."

"But you haven't got to shout at the top of your voice to cultivate it, have you?"

People Attracted by Noise.

"I have got to do just as the professor told me. I want a voice that can be heard all over a hall holding 10,000 people. Hi! Hi! Hi! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Mrs. Bowser went downstairs and left him at it, and she saw from the window that the number of people had increased to fifty. The sash was raised, and she heard one man say:

"I tell you it's Bowser. He's been off his chump for two or three years past, and he's finally become buggy. He ought to be taken to an asylum to-night."

"Why don't one of these boys go for a policeman?" queried another. "If that noise keeps up no one on the block will get an hour's sleep tonight."

"Cosmo! Cosmo! Cosmo! Dick! Dick! Dick! Dan! Dan! Dan!" came the voice of Mr. Bowser just as the bell rang, and Mrs. Bowser answered it to find a policeman on the steps.

Policeman Calls.

"How long has he been acting this way?" whispered the officer as he dodged into the hall.

"Do you mean Mr. Bowser?"

"Yes, or whoever that is roaring out like a mad bull. Has the doctor seen him and ordered him to the asylum yet?"

"A-way! A-way! A-way! Heave ho! Heave ho! Heave ho!" shouted the voice of Mr. Bowser just as the door opened.

"It is Mr. Bowser, sir," said Mrs. Bowser with all the dignity she could call up, "and he is not crazy."

"Then, num, could I ask without hurtin' your feelin's how long he's been on the sprog?"

"He is perfectly sober, sir."

"Then he must have rats after him. You can see what a crowd has gathered, and that noise must stop or I shall lose my job. The word came to the station house that five people were being murdered by a lunatic."

"Very well; you can go up."

The officer found his way to the attic. Mr. Bowser was waving his arms and bending his body and enunciating, but after the officer had seized him and given him two shakes he dropped voice culture and there was a contest of language lasting five minutes. At the end of that time the officer came downstairs and smiled at Mrs. Bowser as he opened the door to pass out and assure the people that there was no cause for alarm. The whooping had stopped for good and they could go home and assure their families that no deed of blood would occur. The crowd had melted away when Mr. Bowser descended. He walked straight up to Mrs. Bowser and hovered over her for a long minute before he could speak. Then his enunciation was perfect as he said:

"Woman, this is your seventeenth attempt to assassinate me in the last five years."

Bowser Resents Interference.

"Yes?" she replied.

"You were bound and determined to have my voice remain like the sounds of an old file drawn across a coal scuttle, and you gathered that mob and sent for the police."

"Well?"

"Tomorrow we separate—separate. You consult your lawyer—I consult mine. The lead line has been reached. Good night, Mrs. Bowser. I go to the library to look over some papers."

Mrs. Bowser went to bed, and two hours later when he came upstairs she heard him growl to himself:

"Hang Professor Zangwilly! If he comes into the office tomorrow I'll punch his head."

M. QUAD.

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